

The Hartford Republican.

Fine Job Work.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ALL THE PEOPLE OF OHIO COUNTY.

Subscription \$1 per Year

VOL. XXI.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1908.

No. 16

REPUBLICAN TICKET SWEEPS COUNTRY BRYAN WORSE DEFEATED THAN EVER.

Kentucky Goes Back to Democracy.

Republican Congress Elected to Stand With New President.

The election last Tuesday resulted in almost as great a landslide for the Republicans as four years ago. The only difference being that in some States pluralities were not so large, while in others they were larger. New York gave Taft over 200,000 majority, which was about 28,000 more than it gave Roosevelt. Governor Hughes was re-elected by 71,000 majority. Taft will have 309 sure electoral votes, and may have 327. Missouri seems to be the only doubtful State and it is claimed that his electoral vote will go to Taft, which will bring the total up to 327. It is believed that the plurality will be over 1,000,000. This is a much worse defeat than Bryan sustained the last time he ran for President. The Democrats elected their State ticket in Indiana, although the State will give a electoral vote to the Republicans. It seems that they have also elected the Governor in Ohio and have re-elected Governor Johnson in Minnesota, while upon the other hand, Republicans have elected a Governor in Missouri and will gain a United States Senator. This only bitter thought for the Republicans of Ohio county, is that they have failed to carry Kentucky. Bryan's plurality in this State will be about 10,000. The Eleventh Congressional district rolled up the immense majority of 22,000 and other Republican sections of the State did well, but we failed to hold our own in the cities and in the western part of the State. We will have three of the eleven Congressmen, having lost the Third district by a small plurality, resulting in the defeat of Dr. A. D. Jones. The majority of Ben Johnson over Dr. Gaddis being about 3,500, while all of the counties in this end of the district voted splendidly Republican majorities. Hardin county and other counties in the upper end of the district came up with unprecedented majorities for the Democrats. In the First Congressional district, where some Republicans thought the Democrats were going to vote for Taft on account of the tobacco troubles, the Democrats received the largest majorities which have ever been known prevailing conclusively, what many Republicans said at the time that the tobacco war would not have any effect on the presidential election. There will be no change in the United States Senate and the House of Representatives will have about the same majority for the Republicans which they now have. Speaker Cannon was re-elected by a large majority, not withstanding the bitter fight which was made against him.

Smith-Johns.

Mr. Arthur Johns and Miss Pauline Smith were married at the home of the bride's father, Mr. C. E. Smith, on Wednesday afternoon. Miss Smith is a sister of former editor, C. E. Smith, and is a most charming and highly cultured young lady. Mr. Johns is a prosperous young business man and holds an important position with the I. C. R. R. at Central City, where they will make their future home. The wedding was a quiet affair, attended only by a few of the nearest friends. The Republican extends congratulations.

Good Roads.

The Romans were the first to build roads, and the world has ever since. From the earliest times they have recognized the necessity of having easy and safe means of communication between the cities of Italy and later as they acquired provinces in France, Germany and England, they saw the great need of good roads over which to transport their legions and armies and army trains. Bring one of those old warriors over to America to-day and let him take a look at our roads. He would wonder if it were possible for a civilized country to carry anything over some of our roads. In the Spring and Fall the roads in many places are impassable, making the farmers the prey

of speculators who know that they can safely boost the price of certain commodities because, although the crop is plentiful, nevertheless it is not available for the market on account of bad roads. The good roads commission now meeting in Paris should furnish Americans with a good many practical ideas and the results of the commission will be watched with interest.

The Increase in Population.

In an address delivered at the conference of governors in Washington the prediction was made that the United States will in 1950 have a population of more than 200,000,000. This was based on an annual increase of about 1 1/2 per cent, plus an average annual immigration of 750,000. There is no question as to the diminishing rate of natural increase, but if the present population is 85,000,000 there will certainly be added to it more than 45,000,000 in the next forty-two years, unless natural growth is stopped altogether, and that is not probable. There will be an increase in that time of quite 20,000,000 from immigration, and it is not unreasonable to assume that there will be less than 40,000,000 from natural growth. The population of the United States will reach 150,000,000 by the middle of this present century, and it is unlikely to fall there.—Chicago Journal.

Thomas-Schroeter.

Mr. Emory Schroeter and Miss Pearl Thomas were married at the home of the bride in Hartford, at six o'clock Wednesday morning, the ceremony being performed by Rev. N. F. Jones, Dr. Horace Bell of Buford, and Miss Florence Jones of Danaburg, Ky., were the attendants. Only a few intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom were invited. Miss Thomas is a daughter of Mr. E. P. Thomas, and one of the belles of Hartford, while Mr. Schroeter is at the head of his profession as a photographer. They left immediately for a two weeks wedding trip, after which they will return to Hartford to make their future home.

Vote of Ohio County November 3, 1908.

PRECINCTS.	Taft	Bryan	Gaddis	Johnson
E. Hartford	197	147	191	145
W. Hartford	166	111	165	112
Heda	117	105	115	106
Salisbury Springs	159	107	158	106
Magen	72	41	72	41
Cronwell	139	72	139	72
Cool Springs	58	69	59	68
N. Rockport	141	89	141	88
S. Rockport	98	102	98	102
Select	83	45	83	45
Horace Branch	131	93	131	93
Roscoe	212	72	212	72
E. Beaver Dam	113	107	112	109
W. Beaver Dam	126	122	124	124
W. Burdette	149	93	149	93
Confer	137	136	137	136
Shillineau	45	66	45	66
E. Portville	164	86	164	82
W. Portville	113	104	116	102
Ant. ville	31	99	31	88
Shreve	69	75	69	75
Oleary	81	71	81	74
Burford	55	87	55	87
Barlett	108	106	106	106
Hellin	52	61	52	61
Carroll	49	41	49	41
Ross Pleasant	51	64	51	64
Narrows	60	92	60	91
Ridge	78	100	78	100
Pondis	69	71	68	71
Hedley	38	87	38	87
Arnold	79	40	79	40
Reider	75	47	75	47
Total	3390	2779	3318	2768
Majority	551	548		

There were seven tickets on the ballot, to-wit: Republican, Democrat, Prohibitionist, Socialist, Socialist Labor, Peoples Party and Independent League. We give in the above table only the vote by the Republicans and Democrats, although each one of the other candidates received some scattering vote in the county. The Prohibitionist vote was 50, Socialist 60, Peoples Party about 35. Of the Socialist vote 26 were cast at West Beaver Dam, and 22 at McHenry.

CELL DOORS WERE UNLOCKED BY HUSBAND

A Bad Axe Couple Who are Acting "Badly"—Wife Eloped With Husbands Brother

Bad Axe, Mich., Oct. 31.—"I am opening the door of this cell so that you may go out into the world again. You can do what you please," said Joseph Smith to his wife, Alice, as he unlocked the door that kept her in the county jail.

"I am glad to go out," said Mrs. Smith, "but I love Charles and I will go with him."

Smith walked to another part of the jail and his wife followed. He looked through the bars at his brother, Charles Smith.

"I am going to let you out," he said, as he unlocked the door. Charles came out, but said nothing. Mrs. Smith joined him and they walked away together.

The dramatic jail incident is the climax of a story of love. Charles Smith was the woman's first sweetheart, but he eloped with another. Then she married Joseph, but when her sister-in-law died she eloped with Charles. The couple were arrested and placed in jail.

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Joseph now refuses to prosecute. The Sheriff said he did not want to be the one to lock up his brother. If Joseph was determined to elope he would let him go. Then he unlocked the keys, and the couple escaped. When he let his wife out, Joseph asked her on what her end.

"Joseph," she said, "you have been a good friend to me. If I ever need a friend again I will come to you."

Moses Must Have Sniffed the Dry Land.

A most singular phenomena was witnessed last Thursday on the farm of Mr. Andy Lawson, on the Falls Run pike, in the west end of the county. Owing to the continuous drought the ponds and wells on Mr. Lawson's farm had gone dry and he was driving his stock to water and was getting drinking water just anywhere that a muddy might be found, when to his amazement and great joy on the day mentioned, a spring broke out on his place near the pike, running an abundance of the clearest and finest water and forming a branch through his farm. The strange part of the matter is that even in the wettest season no indication of a stream being near its place was ever observed. Mr. Lawson is overjoyed and has gone about the neighborhood telling everybody of the spring and that he now has plenty of water and is inviting everybody to come and help themselves.—Hartford Herald.

Methodist Sunday School Entertainment.

After the regular services at the Methodist Sunday School, last Sunday morning, a nice program was rendered, consisting of short talks by Messrs. Roy Sanderson, of this place, and Miss Bessie St. Clair, of Ohio, and Mrs. J. L. St. Clair, who presented a beautiful selection, a novel by Joseph Conrad by Mrs. Z. Wayne Griffith. The little folks were entertained by the seniors who sang the "Old Song." The program, which was well run, was a success, and was well received by a large audience.

The A. S. of E. Fixes Prices.

At the National meeting of the A. S. of E. at Muskogee, the resolutions were fixed on various food products, applying, of course, to the nearest market, as follows:

No. 2 wheat, \$1.10 per bushel.
Oats, 55 cents a bushel.
Rye, 50 cents a bushel.
Wheat berries, \$2 a bushel.
Hickory nuts, 75 cents a bushel.
Sweet potatoes, \$1 per bushel.
Cotton, \$5.50 per 100 pounds.
Hogs, \$5 per 100 pounds.
Sheep, \$5 in \$5 per 100 pounds.
Himways, \$15 per ton.

No prices were fixed on cotton, tobacco and other crops, which are restricted to limited areas, and are handled by branch associations.

A Pure Manufacturers Law.

In view of the recent demand of J. Harry Seiz, the Chicago shoe manufacturer, for a "pure manufacturers" law giving the same federal guarantee of quality for manufactured goods as for foods, it is interesting to notice that the International Stewards' Association has come out in strong support of this pure goods' measure.

After praising the pure food law as a great step in American industry, the stewards went even further, urging the elimination of impurities and frauds from "all the products of the country."

Mr. Seiz's legislative plan was simply this, to quote his own words:

"We need a far-reaching law making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, for any manufacturer to misrepresent in any way the goods he makes."

As Mr. Seiz, who is willing to make his great shoe factory the first industry affected by this law says, "the honest manufacturer would oppose such a pure manufacturers law, no best manufacturers would welcome it."

The sort of laws and guarantees us purely in the things we eat ought also to insure us from fraud in the things we wear.

Bullock-Overholtz.

Mr. Lee B. Overholtz and Miss Nina Bullock, of Smithsburg, were quietly married in the parlor of the New Commercial Hotel, at Hartford, last Wednesday, at 12:30 o'clock, Rev. O. M. Schultz speaking the words which united the lives and hearts of the happy couple. Mr. Overholtz is a refined, cultured and accomplished young farmer, who enjoys great popularity among his many acquaintances. Miss Bullock is one of the most popular young ladies of the community. They have many friends who extend congratulations and best wishes.

SUNNYDALE.

Nov. 4.—Rev. Kiley filled his pulpit at Marvin's Chapel Sunday. We are needing rain very badly. Mr. Marlen Martin, of Sulphur Springs, has moved into the house recently vacated by Mr. A. B. Renfrew.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Maffett and children, Lizzie and Aubrey, of Morgan, were the guests of Mr. E. L. Laughlin and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cullie Acton and daughter, of Dundon, were the guests of Mrs. Acton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Renfrew, Sunday.

Mr. Ole Powers, of Co. H, 3rd Regiment, at Eddyville, returned home yesterday to be the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peru Powers.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlin Duncan, of Yonkers, were the guests of Mr. Duncan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Duncan, Sunday.

Mr. J. H. Wilson is having a nice residence erected.

FRIEDLAND.

Nov. 2.—Friedland, Pa., was a busy day Sunday. The young folks were out in the woods and fields, and the water is becoming scarce.

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Mr. Roy Sanderson, of this place, and Miss Bessie St. Clair, of Ohio, and Mrs. J. L. St. Clair, who presented a beautiful selection, a novel by Joseph Conrad by Mrs. Z. Wayne Griffith. The little folks were entertained by the seniors who sang the "Old Song." The program, which was well run, was a success, and was well received by a large audience.

Corps. Exploded.

Wooding, W. Va., November 3.—One of the exploding barrels of the old gun here today was exploded by one of the boys. The explosion was a combination of a boiler and one of the boys. The explosion was a combination of a boiler and one of the boys. The explosion was a combination of a boiler and one of the boys.

Estray Notice.

Black Curly, of the town of Rockport, Ky., stolen under No. 1, Oct. 29, 1908, day of September 1908, was taken up a stray row that broke into his field. Described as follows: dark brindle in color, about ten years old, weight about 850 or 900 pounds, Swallowfork and under in right ear, crop and slit in left ear, branded. Valued at \$18.00 by D. M. White of Rockport, Ky.

D. M. WHITE,
ERNEST CURTIS.

Subscribed and sworn to by Ernie Curtis and D. M. White before me, this thirty-first day of Oct., 1908.
J. H. MILES, J. P. O. C.

CLOTHES TIED IN HARD KNOTS.

Experience of a Young Man at Sweet Hearts Home

It Has Been Said that Love is Blind but Here is One Lover that Saw Things.

Carmel, Ind., Oct. 31.—They say that love is blind, but one young man of this city certainly "saw things" at the home of his sweetheart, who recently and very strange things were, too. It is also reported that the young man was not the only one that saw the "dildings" were the more skeptical do not believe that even he saw it.

Last week when the family washing had been hung on the line and the body of the house started in the door were discovered that all the clothes were tied in hard knots. Nothing was thought of the occurrence at the time, but after the knots were untied and again started hanging, the knots were again tied in hard knots. The young man was surprised, and he was not alone. He saw the knots were again tied in hard knots. The young man was surprised, and he was not alone. He saw the knots were again tied in hard knots. The young man was surprised, and he was not alone. He saw the knots were again tied in hard knots.

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Sunday School Notes.

Last week's report of Sunday School was a success. The program was well run, and was well received by a large audience.

Nov. 2.—Bry. Tuck filled his regular appointment at St. Mary's Christian church Sunday and Sunday night.

Mr. A. J. Davenport and wife visited Mr. Layton Williams, near Hagerwell, Sunday.

Mrs. Samantha Stutz has moved to Butler county to live with her daughter, Mrs. Edna Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby Nelson were the guests of Mrs. Lee Nelson Tuesday.

Miss Pearl Davenport visited her sister from Monday until Wednesday. A large crowd from here attended the speaking at Hartford Wednesday.

Mrs. Sabra Nelson spent last Wednesday with her mother, Mrs. R. V. Davenport.

Mr. Ray Growhanger and Miss Audrey, Mr. Luther Reins and family, of Cool Springs, to dinner with Mrs. Rob. Layton Sunday.

at first sight, in which the groom was a nonagenarian and the bride less than half that age, occurred in this city Saturday morning being one of the climaxes of the last day of the Carroll county fair. The groom is Samuel B. Barlow a veteran of the Mexican Civil wars and who has reached the extreme age of 91 years. About three months ago Mr. Barlow lost his first wife, who had been an invalid for several years and the aged man became homesome and pined for a companion to comfort him during his last days on earth.

One day during the fair, while seated among a crowd of fair visitors in the courthouse he became acquainted with the lady who three days later became his bride. She was Mrs. Missouri Merrett of this city. Mr. Barlow asked permission to sit beside her, and request was granted. In the conversation that ensued Mr. Barlow asked Mrs. Merrett if she was married, and she replied in the negative. He informed her that he was also alone in the world and said that probably she was the woman he wanted. A proposal followed, and Mrs. Merrett asked for further time, as "it was so sudden." Mr. Barlow called upon her in a day or two and the nuptial was arranged.

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Notice Republicans.

All of the Republican candidates for the various county offices, and for Judges and the State are notified to meet the undersigned Sub-Committee at the Court House in Hartford, Ky., Friday Nov. 6, 1908, at 10 o'clock P. M. at which time a consolidated will draw for position in the ballot for the coming primary election, and the election officers, inspectors and challengers to serve for said election will be selected. The candidates are requested to agree upon a list of election officers, inspectors and challengers for each precinct, if possible, and submit the same to the sub-committee with their endorsement. It is thought that the estimate for expenses in conducting the primary election is too small and therefore each registered district will be assessed \$5.00 to be apportioned among the candidates for that office from each district.

Respectfully,
M. S. RAGLAND,
C. L. HEAVRIN,
G. M. BARNETT.

WYSOX.

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System Measures Success.

Rockport was the scene of a successful business day Sunday. The program was well run, and was well received by a large audience.

River Banks Caving in and Court-house in Danger.

Pine Bluff, Ark., Nov. 4.—Owing to a sudden rise in the Arkansas River, the banks are caving in and the court-house is in danger.

G. A. R. Notice.

Pine Bluff, Ark., Nov. 4.—The G. A. R. will have a meeting at 2 o'clock P. M., Saturday, Nov. 7, 1908, at Court Hall to select officers for the year 1909. All soldiers are respectfully invited to attend.
By order of Commander,
F. M. PORTER.

Not Too Old to Wed

Huntingdon, Tenn., Oct. 27.—An interesting marriage, the result of love

Hartford Republican.

C. M. BARNETT - - - EDITOR

TELEPHONES.
Cumberland 10
Rough Silver 22.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

The people rule.
Do the people rule? They do.
The "I told you so" man has had a good run this week.
England must feel as kindly over her poets as over her athletes.
King Peter should feel better now that he knows Serbia isn't enough powder to fill a cheap bomb.
It will be very difficult for Mr. Hearst to keep himself before the public now that the election is over.

It is agreed by all that Mr. Gompers committed a very grave blunder when he sought to drag Union labor into politics.

The man who goes without his breakfast so he can drink beer thinks that he has given himself something to think about.

The Chicago clergyman who believes twelve hundred Catholics are to be run without the aid of angels, would never do for the temporal business.

Republican voters in every precinct in Ohio county should see to it that the candidate who seeks to deliver the primary election with the use of money and in excess, is not given a chance to disgrace his party by being given a place on the county ticket.

Ohio county once up standing last Tuesday with the greatest Republican majority when it was given in a presidential year. East and West Hartford made a bad gain over the Willson majority of 38, to bring up the enormous majority of 106 for Taft in the two precincts.

Although the presidential election is over, Ohio county Republicans will not be through with the trials and tribulations which attend political contests until after the primary election Dec. 5th. When that is over we shall pray to be given a long and much needed rest.

Both parties claim that they had very little funds in the late Presidential election. The time is almost here when these campaigns must be run without money, except for legitimate purposes and they had just as well be getting used to that sort of a clean campaign. Very little is needed outside of office rent, clerk hire and postage.

Now that the election is over, we should begin to devise ways and means for booming Hartford and Ohio county. With the new railroad, Hartford should take on new life and our business men should reorganize the Commercial Club and make an effort to get some manufacturing establishments in our midst and to increase our prosperity in all directions.

Some of our Hartford Democratic friends having read O. O. Soley in the Courier Journal, became so sanguine of the election of Mr. Bryan that they offered to bet even money on such states as New York, Ohio and Indiana. We are very glad however, that they were reminded to do all the bluffing and that no one here is to lose any money on account of the result.

Our Democratic friends who extend our profound sympathy in this their 4th movement. We have no objection whatever to crow over the election. We will glad to accept and honor our system of government, but all how to the result of the ballot. President Taft will be president of all, and we should not let the election be in two days more months, he will be esteemed as highly by our Democratic friends as was the general, broad minded, sweet tempered McKinley.

Those Republicans who expected to see a great reduction of the Democratic vote in Western Kentucky, because of the former troubles were very much disappointed. People a rule do not change their politics for such reasons, especially when it could not be twisted into a national issue. In our humble opinion the Republican party would have been several thousand votes better off in Kentucky at this election had the speakers stuck to national issues.

On last Sunday many of the Hartford colored voters were furnished with buttons bearing the inscription, "Remember the Brownie leaflet." These buttons were furnished by Democratic headquarters and were passed out to the colored boys by democratic politicians. Many of them were worn on Monday and Tuesday, but they seem to have had no very great effect on the developments in the two Hartford precincts. They will be gathered up

and framed to be presented to the Democratic Campaign Committee as souvenirs of the 1908 campaign.

Now that the election is over and Mr. Bryan has been defeated for a third time, we cannot help but feel a sense of pity for so many a man because of the resourcefulness which he has shown and the dogged perseverance and determination in his twelve years fight to gain the White House. It is not a part of our make up to seek a man who is down. In the sense of ever having an opportunity to gain his all absorbing desire Mr. Bryan is down. That he will still be an important factor in our party and in the country, there is no doubt, but like Webster, Clay, Blaine and other great leaders, he has fallen short of a life ambition. That he is thus failed we are sure has been for the best interest of the country, although we give him credit for honesty of purpose in all of his vague governmental schemes.

For Sale.

One Studio Camera, 8 by 10, cherry finish, metal, brass. Baugh and Lom rectilinear lens, iris diaphragm, B. and L. Shutter, speed 5 F. Burke and James automatic stand, plate holders and all attachments. The best Camera for studio work.

O. K. ROWE,

Centertown, Ky.

Apply at this office.

ENGLISH TITLES.

Why Inferior Honors Are Sometimes Refused by Commoners.

Although it costs money to be made a peer, no man can actually buy a British title, as may be done in some European countries. Honors of this description are in the giving of the king, or, rather, his majesty bestows them on persons at the recommendation of the prime minister, who really has the final say in the matter. Titles are conferred either directly or indirectly—directly when no third person recommends a candidate for royal recognition and indirectly when a third person brings a candidate's name forward, he having good and valid grounds for doing so. The former method, however, is the one which is usually adopted. It is the duty of the prime minister to distinguish a name celebrated in politics, science, art or literature and to decide whether the merits of any given prominent person deserve recognition at the hands of the king.

If, in the opinion of the prime minister, such a given person deserves elevation to titled rank, before the minister takes any steps in the matter the favored individual is apprized of the prime minister's intentions by a personal letter, in which is conveyed the degree or title it is proposed to confer on him, subject to his approval. In four out of five cases the approval is given. The fifth person, who may have been offered a knighthood or perchance a baronetcy, refuses because his refusal may increase his chances of obtaining at a later day a higher title still—a peerage. Armed with the person's approval, the prime minister now takes the next step—that is, obtaining his majesty's sanction, which is rarely refused.

It is seldom that a plain "Mr." blossoms straightforward into a "lord" unless the circumstances are very unusual, such as the reason why a peerage was conferred on Mr. Morley or honors conferred on successful generals in the field, as in the case of Wolseley, Roberts and Kitchener. As a general rule a plain "Mr." is transformed into "Sir"—that is, knight or baronet—and one who is already a "Sir" and has done some signal recognition finds his reward in his ultimate service to the state entitling him to royal elevation to the peerage.—Chicago News.

WOMEN OF PARAGUAY.

Patient and Good Natured, Barefooted and White Robed.

Paraguay is rich in local color. The picturesque character of the native population, with their quaint Indian features and habits of everyday life, is interesting to anybody fond of observing strange phases of human life. By nature these people are patient and gentle, seldom complaining, chattering and laughing from sunrise to sunset and taking small thought of what the morrow may have in store for them.

It is hard to imagine how Lopez could have drilled them into fighting material of strength enough to keep in check the combined forces of Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay for five long, weary years, and it speaks volumes for the indomitable energy of the man that he was able to sustain his position for so protracted a time.

Clothing is very much of a superfluity in Paraguay, says the Boston Transcript. The attire of the women is a cotton chemise with a long sheet-like shawl, or manta, passed over the head and around the body in Moorish fashion. The dress of the men is equally simple, consisting only of cotton shirt and trousers. Both sexes are guileless of foot covering. At times an almost meanness feeling rises when a group of these white robed, dark haired maidens pass suddenly with the silent tread of moccasins.

Of a morning in the market places the women folk flock to sell their wares, carrying on their heads the baskets containing the few cents' worth of native produce they have been able to gather. The soft Guarani language, the common tongue of the Paraguayans, adds further charm to the scene.

LAST OF THE PASCAGOULAS.

An Indian Legend From the Shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

An Indian legend of the Pascagoula is told by the fishermen and oystermen down on the shores of the gulf of Mexico.

A pilot reaches out into the gulf near the mouth of the Pascagoula river. The pine trees on it come almost to the water's edge, and between lies a strip of white sand; across a marsh, a border of light green swaying and rustling grasses and beyond a gray cypress swamp the hanging moss of the trees swaying in the wind. To the south the blue waters of the gulf stretch away, with little waves lapping on the chalk white clam shells of the shore.

There in the evening during the short twilight one hears soft music, as if it were the notes of a violin, insistent, changing, sweet. It is the song of the Pascagoulas.

Long years before the Pascagoula Indians had lived upon this point. The white men, the Spaniards, came in numbers, and with them the hostile warriors of other tribes, to make war and to drive the Pascagoulas out of the country. Coming from the inland, the enemy took away all chance of flight and hedged them in on the point. The Pascagoulas fought for days and nights in the dark pine woods against outnumbering foes. Then they saw that all was useless, that they could not overcome, and starvation stared them in the face.

The Pascagoulas called a council of the tribe and talked long together. To give themselves up meant lives of slavery or death, and to fight to the last man was to leave the women and children to the mercy of the white men and their allies.

The next morning the Pascagoulas put on all their paint and trappings and burned their wigwags. The men, women and children slowly, deliberately, unflinchingly backed step by step into the water behind them, slung. Not one flinched. They died with their faces toward their enemies, brave and free, and now in the evening when the wind blows over the marshes the pines and grasses sing the song of the Pascagoulas.—New York Post.

THE LAND OF WORSHIP.

The East Believes Too Utterly to Care if Others Disbelieve.

Prayer pervades the east. Far off across the sands when one is traveling in the desert one sees thin minarets rising toward the sky. A desert city is there. It signals its presence by this mute appeal to Allah. And where there are no minarets in the great wastes of the dunes, in the eternal silence, the lifelessness that is not broken even by my lonely, wandering bird, the camels are stopped at the appointed hours, the poor and often ragged robes are laid down and the brown pilgrims prostrate themselves in prayer. And the rich man spreads his carpet and prays, and the half naked nomad spreads nothing, but he prays too.

The east is full of lust and full of money getting and full of hawking and full of violence, but it is full of worship—of worship that disdains concealment, that recks not of ridicule or comment, that believes too utterly to care if others disbelieve. There are in the east many men who do not pray. They do not laugh at the man who does, like the unpraying Christian. There is nothing ludicrous in prayer. In Egypt your Nubian sailor prays in the stern of your dahabiyeh, and your Egyptian boatman prays by the rudder of your boat, and your black donkey boy prays behind a red rock in the sand, and your camel man prays when you are resting in the noontide wilage, lost in some wayward dream.

And must you not pray, too, when you enter certain temples where once strange gods were worshipped in whom no man now believes?—Robert Hichens in Century.

Scared by Frogs.

It is said to be owed to the frogs of western Australia that that part of the empire is English and not French. About 1800 a party of prospective French colonists landed on the west coast of Australia, but on the first morning they were alarmed by the loud croaking of the frogs, which they took for demons, and retired with all speed to their ships. Western Australia might have preferred the frog to the swan as her emblem, just as Rome might have preferred, instead of the eagle, the goose that saved the capital.

In His Line.

"I'm surprised that you should be so interested in watching those silly dudes."

"Force of habit, I guess. I'm president of a real estate improvement company."

"Well?"

"Well, they're a vacant lot."—Philadelphia Press.

Paid In Full.

Hiram (coming to the point)—Sally, I've been a payin' my respects to you for five years come next August, ain't I? Sally (blushing)—Yes, indeed, Hiram. Hiram—Well, all I'm a-goin' to say is that I'm darn sick up the installment plan! Sally (in his arms)—Pa's agreeable, Hiram!—St. Louis Republic.

Missionary Work.

"So you once lived in Africa, Sam?"

"Yes, sah."

"Ever do any missionary work on the coast?"

"Oh, yes, sah. I was cook for a tribal chief, sah!"—Pick-Me-Up.

AN EPISODE OF WAR.

The Only Coward Evans Ever Saw in the Naval Service.

After Admiral Evans had been so grievously wounded in the attack on Fort Fisher during the civil war he was picked up by a marine named Wasmouth and carried into comparative shelter. Wasmouth was killed a few minutes later. Evans' own account continues: "After Wasmouth was killed I soon fell asleep, and when I awoke it was some time before I could recall my surroundings. The tide had come in, and the hole in which I was lying was nearly full of water, which had about covered me and was trickling into my ears. I could see a monitor firing and apparently very near, and the thought came to me that I could swim off to her if I only had a bit of plank or driftwood, but this I could not get. It was plain enough that I should soon be drowned like a rat in a hole unless I managed to get out somehow. Dead and wounded men were lying about in ghastly piles, but no one to lend me a helping hand. By this time I could not use my legs in any way, and when I dug my hands into the sides of my prison and tried to pull myself out the sand gave way and left me still lying in the water. Finally I made a strong effort and rolled myself sideways out of the hole.

"When I got out I saw a marine in short distance away nicely covered by a pile of sand and firing away deliberately at the fort. I called to him to pull me in behind his bar of sand, but he declined on the ground that the fire was too sharp for him to expose himself. I persuaded him with my revolver to change his mind, and in two seconds he had me in a place of safety—that is to say, safe by a small margin, for when he fired the Confederate bullets would snip the sand within a few inches of our heads. If the marine had known that my revolver was soaked wet and could not possibly be fired I suppose I would have been buried the next morning, as many other poor fellows were. As soon as I could reach some cartridges from a dead sailor lying near me I loaded my revolver, thinking it might be useful before the job was finished.

"When I was jerked in behind this pile of sand I landed across the body of the only coward I ever saw in the naval service. At first I was not conscious that there was a man under me, so completely had he worked himself into the sand. He was actually below the surface of the ground. The monitors were firing over us, and as a shell came roaring by he pulled his knees up to his chin, which hurt me, as it jostled my broken legs. I said: 'Hello! Are you wounded?' 'No, sir,' he replied: 'I am afraid to move.' 'All right, then,' I said, 'keep quiet and don't hurt my legs again.' The next shell that came over he hid the same thing and the next notwithstanding my repeated cautions. So I tapped him between the eyes with the butt of my revolver, and he was quiet after that."

The Glove on the Pole.

A quaint custom in an English town, Honiton, is "proclaiming the fair." The town obtained the grant of a fair from the lord of the manor so long ago as 1257, and the fair still retains some of the picturesque characteristics of bygone days. The town erier, dressed in picturesque uniform and carrying a pole decorated with gay flowers and surmounted by a large gilt model of a gloved hand, publicly announces the opening of the fair, as follows: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! The fair's begun, the glove is up. No man can be arrested till the glove is taken down." Hot colors are then thrown among the children. The pole and glove remains displayed until the end of the fair.

How Hammer of Death Struck James. The old parish church of Plumstead is probably at least 1000 years old. The picturesque churchyard, a cherished haunt of the poet Bloomfield during his visits to Shooters Hill, contains a delightfully choice "derangement of epitaphs." One of these on "Master James Darling, aged 10," teaches a lesson of moderation during the cherry season to the youth of other places besides Plumstead. Speaking from his tombstone, Master Darling exclaims:

The hammer of death was given to me For eating the cherries off the tree.

—Westminster Gazette.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

We are authorized to announce Esq. W. S. Dean, a candidate for Representative from Ohio county, subject to the Republican primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce W. W. Park, a candidate for Representative from Ohio county, subject to the Republican primary election December 5, 1908.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce Judge W. B. Taylor, a candidate for re-election to the position of Judge of Ohio County, subject to the Republican Primary election, December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce J. U. Wade, of Fordville, a candidate for Judge of Ohio County, subject to the Republican Primary election, December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Judge R. R. Wedding of West Hartford precinct, a candidate for Judge of Ohio county, subject to the Republican Primary election December 5, 1908.

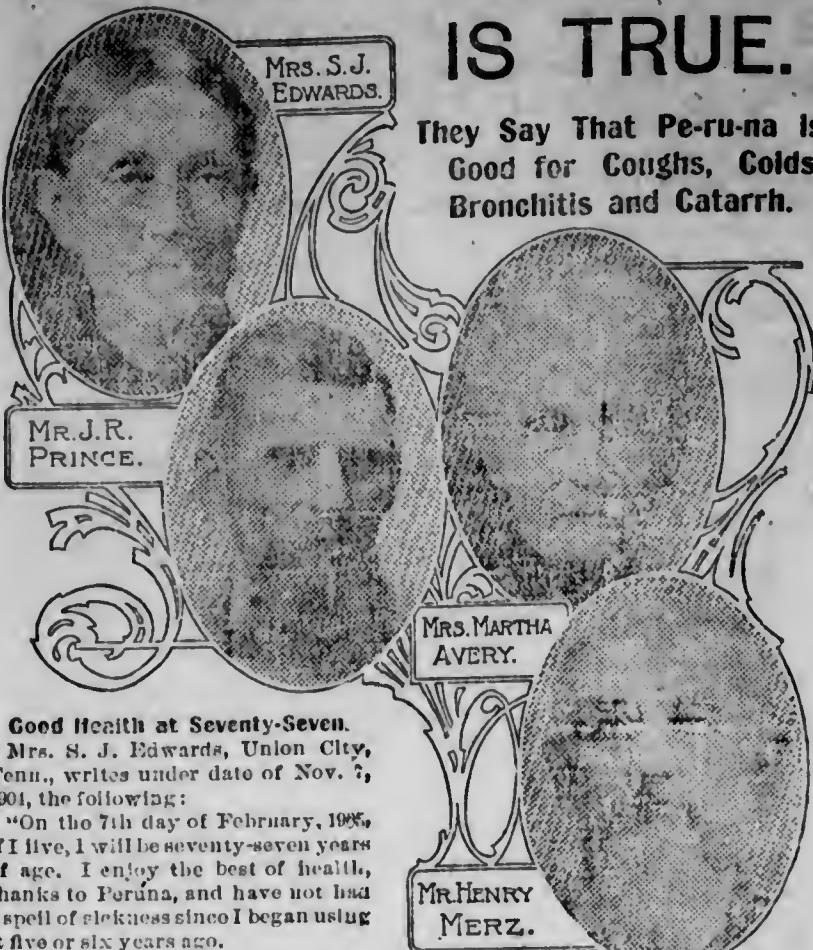
FOR CIRCUIT COURT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce E.

WHAT GRANDMA AND GRANDPA SAY

IS TRUE.

They Say That Pe-ru-na is Good for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Catarrh.



Good Health at Seventy-Seven.

Mrs. S. J. Edwards, Union City, Tenn., writes under date of Nov. 3, 1901, the following:

"On the 7th day of February, 1900, if I live, I will be seventy-seven years of age. I enjoy the best of health, thanks to Peruna, and have not had a spell of sickness since I began using it five or six years ago."

"I consider it the grandest medicine on earth, and whenever I feel a little badly a few doses of Peruna put me right."

"I can do as much work as I could forty years ago. I think all old people, who feel the effects of age, should benefit their health by using Peruna."

All the Best Part of His Life.

Mr. J. R. Prince, R. R. 2, Cattaraugus, N. Y., writes: "I am not very well satisfied with the picture that I am sending you, but when the reader looks at this picture he will realize that the original suffered for forty-five years, the best of his life, until your kind advice and prescription cured him, he would know from whence these wrinkles came. Next month I shall be sixty-six years old."

Nervous Prostration.

Mrs. Martha Avery, 28 Graham St., Leominster, Mass., writes:

"Four years ago I had nervous prostration. I employed several doctors. One would say I had catarrh of the stomach and bowels, another nervousness and another enlargement of the liver. My stomach was in a bad shape."

People who Object to Liquid Medicines Should Buy Peruna Tablets

G. Barrass, a candidate for re-election to the office of Circuit Court Clerk of Ohio County, subject to the Republican Primary election, December 5, 1908.

FOR COUNTY COURT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce U. G. Ragland, of Sulphur Springs precinct, a candidate for County Court Clerk, of Ohio County, subject to the Republican Primary election, December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce W. S. Tinsley, a candidate for re-election to the position of County Court Clerk, of Ohio County, subject to the Republican Primary election, December 5, 1908.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY.

We are authorized to announce C. E. Smith, of West Hartford precinct, a candidate for County Attorney of Ohio County, subject to the Republican Primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce, S. A. Anderson of West Hartford precinct, a candidate for County Attorney, of Ohio County, subject to the Republican Primary election, December 5, 1908.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce T. H. Black, of West Hartford precinct, a candidate for Sheriff of Ohio County, subject to the Republican Primary election, December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce G. A. Ralph, of Ralph precinct, a candidate for Sheriff of Ohio County, subject to the Republican Primary election, December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce S. A. Bratcher, of Point Pleasant precinct, a candidate for Sheriff of Ohio County, subject to the Republican Primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce T. H. Benton, of Centertown precinct, a candidate for Sheriff of Ohio County, subject to the Republican primary election December 5, 1908.

FOR ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce G. Davis Royal, a candidate for Assessor of Ohio County, subject to the Republican Primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Bernard Felix, a candidate for Assessor of Ohio County, subject to the Republican primary election, December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce J. A. Greer, as a candidate for Assessor subject to the Republican primary election, December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Jerome Allen, a candidate for the office of Assessor of Ohio County, subject to the Republican primary election, December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Halley E. Brown, of Cool Springs precinct, a candidate for County School Superintendent, of Ohio County, subject to the Republican Primary election, December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Henry Leach, of Cromwell precinct, a candidate for County School Superintendent.

There was nothing which seemed to do me much good.

"I tried other remedies, but I did not gain any flesh until I commenced taking your Peruna, which built me right up. I have taken several bottles, but have not taken any now for about six weeks. I am seventy-three years old. I never expect to be entirely well or young again, but I am thankful for what Peruna has done for me."

Feels Ten Years Younger.

Mr. Henry Merz, 1505 West Franklin St., Evansville, Ind., writes: "When I first wrote to you I had bronchitis for four years, and had tried several doctors, but they could do me no good. I had pain and rattling in the chest, cough, expectoration, especially at night."

"I took Peruna, and can now say that I am entirely well. I feel ten years younger since using Peruna. I recommend Peruna to all my friends, for I was in bad condition."

"I am an old soldier and am seventy-seven years old."

FOR JAILER.

We are authorized to announce W. M. Fleuer a candidate for re-election for Jailer of Ohio county, subject to the action of the Republican primary election, December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce W. P. Midkiff, of North Rockport precinct, a candidate for Jailer of Ohio county, subject to the Republican primary election, December 5, 1908.

FOR CORONER.

We are authorized to announce Daniel King, a candidate for Coroner of Ohio county, subject to the Republican primary election, December 5, 1908.

FOR MAGISTRATE.

We are authorized to announce John M. Graham, a candidate for Magistrate in the third Magisterial district of Ohio County, subject to the Republican Primary election, December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Mack Cook, of Arnold, as a candidate for the office of Magistrate in the Cromwell Magisterial District, subject to the Republican primary election, December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce J. Carl Jackson of Centertown as a candidate for Magistrate in the Centertown Magisterial district, subject to the Republican primary election, December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce T. P. Royal as a candidate for the office of Magistrate in the Fordville Magisterial district, subject to the Republican primary election, December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Esq. H. S. Connelley, as a candidate for re-nomination for the office of Magistrate in the Buford Magisterial District, subject to the action of the Republican party at the primary election, December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Esq. J. H. Miles for re-election to the office of Magistrate in the Rockport Magisterial District, subject to the Republican primary Dec. 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce C. V. Miles as a candidate for the office of Magistrate in the Fordville Magisterial district, subject to the Republican primary election, Dec. 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Jas. A. Bowling, a candidate for Magistrate in the third Magisterial district of Ohio county, subject to the Republican primary election, Dec. 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Esq. W. P. Miller, a candidate for re-election for Magistrate in the Cromwell Magisterial district No. 2, subject to the Republican primary election December 5, 1908.

We are authorized to announce Thomas F. Johnson, a candidate for Magistrate in the 7th Magisterial district composed of Sulphur Springs, Olaton, Narrows and Magan voting precincts, subject to the Republican primary, December 5, 1908.

BURT & PACKARD KORRECT SHAPE SHOES

Do you know we will absolutely guarantee
a pair of patent leather shoes?

This guaranty label is
woven in the lining of all
patent and dull
Burrojaps.



HERE IS THE GUARANTY
If the Burrojaps patent or dull leather in
the uppers of your Burt & Packard Kor-
rect Shape Shoes breaks
through before the first sole
(either single or double weight)



wears through, we
will replace \$4
them with
a new pair. Made in 250 BURT & PACKARD
les. Buy a pair to-day. LIMITED LINE
\$5.00

& Packard Korrect Shape Shoes are sold by 5,000
dealers in the United States.

The above Shoes are sold only
by us in Hartford, and we absolute-
ly stand by the above guarantee.
Do't forget the Place.

FAIR & Co.
THE FAIR DEALERS

Hartford Republican.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

Illinois Central Railroad--Time Table.

North Bound.	South Bound.
No. 122 due 4:05 a. m.	No. 121 due 11:31 a. m.
No. 122 due 12:30 p. m.	No. 121 due 2:48 p. m.
No. 122 due 2:48 p. m.	No. 121 due 8:52 p. m.

Buy Office Supplies at Home.

And save transportation charges. We
keep

INK
PENS
OILS
CARBON
MUCILAGE
DESK TRAYS
LETTER FILES
PENCIL TABLETS
TYPEWRITER RIBBONS
ROUND-HEAD FASTENERS
WILLOW WASTE-BASKETS, RUB-
BER BANDS, ERASERS, LIBRARY
PASTE, PAPERS, ENVELOPES, PEN-
CILS OF ALL KINDS, CLIPS, FINE
FOUNTAIN PEN WRITING FLUID,
SUIT WRAPPERS AND A GREAT
VARIETY OF OTHER THINGS.

With each \$1.00 purchase we give a
nice school bag. Pure, fresh drugs
compounded by a skillful chemist.

HARTFORD DRUG CO.

(Incorporated.)

Typewriter Carbon can be had at
this office.

Mr. Nat Lindley, Matanzas, was a
pleasant caller Monday.

For H. J. Hinz's pure cedar vinegar
call on U. S. Carson. 10 years old.

Mrs. Nancy King is spending the
week the guest of Mrs. E. J. Hudson.

Miss Lucy King, of Calhoun, who
has been the guest of relatives in
Hartford, has returned home.

Mrs. Ramsey E. Duke is the guest
of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. W.
Stewart, Selcer.

Mrs. Jas. Martin and two children,
Williams Mines, were in town last
Friday. They called at the Republica
office while here.

If it is choice fresh groceries you
want go direct to U. S. Carson's.

Esq. J. H. Miles, Rockport, was a
pleasant caller while in town Wednes-

Our fall Neckwear is stylish, dainty
and effective. CARSON & CO.

I will pay 18c for eggs until fur-
ther notice.

7th JAMES LYONS.

Mr. Tom Likens, who is a guard at
the penitentiary at Eddyville, came
home to vote.

Cloaks and Jackets--the 1908 model
--Semi-fitted back--is the thing--just
goods store at Barnard & Co's.

Our Negligee Shirts sell themselves.
All we have to do is to wrap them up.
CARSON & CO.

Boys, bring "Pa" here for your
fall suit and he will smile when he
pays the bill. Carson & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Pirtle Croun-
well, were the guests of L. T. Barnard
and wife, Wednesday.

That fall hat of yours if bought
from Barnard & Co., will look better
and please you longer.

Jerome Allen, Coroner, Hartford, R.
F. D. No. 1. will answer phone at A.
J. Carter's Concord any hour. 11f.

Mrs. F. L. Felix has returned home
after a few days visit to her mother,
Mrs. Mary Duncan, of Louisville.

For loaded shells, the kind that kill
birds, call on U. S. Carson. He has
about ten thousand for sale cheap.

They fit, they wear, they hold their
shape--that is what mothers say of
our \$5 Suits. CARSON & CO.

Mr. W. T. Woodward, who has been
sojourning in Dallas, Texas, for the
past six months, has returned home.

We have heard of people that could
not be pleased with neckwear, but
we never met any of them in our
store. Carson & Co.

Messrs. John McIntyre and C. W.
Sturgeon, Evansville were the guests
of Mr. James McIntyre and family the
first of the week.

Mrs. Harve Harrison, of Owensboro,
and Mrs. Charley May, Whitesville,
are the guests of their uncle and aunt,
Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Anderson, on Clay
street.

The following members of Co. H,
K. N. G. on duty at Eddyville, were
at home the first of the week: Capt.
J. M. DeWeese, Corporal Chester
Koon, Private Cleve Baxley, Eek
Hudson, Obe Powers and John Stevens.

Mrs. Judge R. R. Wedding, is quite
back at her home on Clay street.

Mr. C. T. Overton, Smallhouse, paid
us a pleasant call while in town Wed-
nesday.

Miss Zeila Mayo Nell has returned
from a pleasant visit with friends in
Crowley, La.

Schroeter's Studio over Re- publican office.

Messrs. Harry O'Connell and D. E.
Thomas, who have been spending some
time at Dawson Springs for their
health, have returned home.

Miss Mary Spaulding, who has been
visiting relatives in New York City
for the past few weeks, has returned
home.

Don't be a back number! Buy one
of those swell Cloaks or Jackets at
Barnard & Co's. The fit and style is
superb.

Mr. Peter Embury, of Beaver Dam,
and Miss Verna Asbury, of Ohio coun-
ty, were married by Evansville Indiana
last week.

Mr. Roy Furrier, of Burlington,
Ky. visited his parents Mr. and Mrs.
J. R. Forester city, the first of the
week.

Our Clothing for Young Men is made
by people who make nothing but
young men's clothes. They know how
BARNARD & CO.

New lot of Clothing for Boys and
young Men. Just arrived. Newest
shapes and colors. The fit is perfect.
BARNARD & CO.

Mrs. Z. Wayne Griffin gave a bridge
party Tuesday afternoon. Later was
served after the game. Mrs. E. E.
Bark and wife were guests.

The women's club and the Hallow-
een program was Mrs. J. H. B. Car-
son last Saturday afternoon--A beauti-
ful salad, which was served after the
program.

Messrs. R. J. Marion, Lynn, R. J. 2;
Joseph Ward, Counselor; Equine
Edge, Forasville, and Wm. Duncan,
McHenry were among our many callers
Wednesday.

We are paying 18c per dozen for
Eggs. All other kinds of good coun-
try produce wanted at the highest
prices.

ti. SCHROEDER & CO.

Mr. David Black, of near Greenwell,
who was operated on a few weeks ago
and had one of his ribs removed, has
developed a bad case of pneumonia
and is in a serious condition.

Underwear that outwears all other
kinds is the sort we are selling. We
have it for "shorts" and "longs"
"slim" and "stout" at 25c to \$1.00
per garment. CARSON & CO.

Cicero Hugberty, a timber man
in McLean county, and his log team
killed by a falling tree in Green River
bottoms, near Runsey, one day last
week. His loss is said to be about
five hundred dollars.

Mr. W. C. Ambrose, of Beda, attend-
ed the Kentucky Synod of the C. P.
Church at Hopkinsville last week. On
his return, Saturday, he made this of-
fice a pleasant call. He reports a
pleasant and profitable meeting.

A protracted meeting is in progress
at the Methodist church at Beaver
Dam, Ky., having begun last Sun-
day evening, and will continue two or
three weeks. The pastor is being as-
sisted by Rev. G. W. Hummel, of
Leitchfield. All cordially invited.

The little girl friends of Lella Glenn
joined with her and entertained the
young boys of their set. The little
girls enveloped as ghosts and spooks
awaited the arrival of the boys and
then the fun began. All kinds of
pranks suitable to the occasion were
entered into with great zeal by every
one and a lively and happy evening
was the result.

One of the most enjoyable events of
the season was the hallowe'en social
given at West Ky. Seminary by the
young people of Beaver Dam Sat-
urday night. The decorations were in
keeping with the hallowe'en season
and were skillfully designed. Each one
present carried out the hallowe'en
idea in their dress as witches, goblins
and other appropriate figures.

Mr. F. M. Westerfield, and wife, of
Little Rock, Ark., are visiting rela-
tives in Ohio and Davless counties.
They were called to Kentucky on the
account of the serious illness of Mrs.
Westerfield's mother, Mrs. Susan Tay-
lor, who is now residing with her
son, W. P. Taylor, Haynesville. Mr.
Westerfield spent Wednesday in Hart-
ford shaking hands with his numerous
friends.

In another column will be found
the announcement of Mr. Thomas F.
Johnson as a candidate for Republi-
can nomination for Magistrate in the
Sulphur Springs district. Mr. Johnson
is a splendid type of citizen, and has
always been a hard working Republican.
If nominated and elected, he will be
a valuable addition to the Fiscal
Court and will make an efficient of-
ficial.

Mr. Raymond Phillips is moving a
nice cottage erected in the old fair
ground addition. Mr. Henry Hinshaw
is doing the carpenter's work.

Mr. W. O. King, a native of Ohio
county boy, but now a prominent lum-
ber dealer in Chicago, is visiting his
mother, Mrs. Nancy King, East Hart-
ford.

Our genial old friend, Mr. Shann
Jones, of Reeder, one of the best
Republicans of Western Kentucky, and
an old and tried politician, was a
pleasant caller Saturday.

LOST--On Oct. 27, between Beaver
Dam and Williams Mines, a ladies
gold watch--case number 1927915 with
a twenty-year guarantee. Finder will
deliver to James Martin, Williams
Mines, Ky., and receive five dollars re-
ward. 15f

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gahnes, of Ford-
ville have announced the approach-
ing marriage of their daughter Ola
Blythe, to Dr. Frank Skilton, of Helen,
Arkansas. The wedding will take
place here in two months.

Marriage licenses were issued from
the County Clerk's office Wednesday
to Ansel Wilson, Rosine and Mary A.
Scraberger, Spring Lick. The groom
gave his age as 74 and the bride blus-
tlingly admitted to 49. It was the third
marriage for the groom.

We announce this week the can-
didacy of Esquire W. P. Miller for re-
election as Magistrate in the Crawford
district. Esq. Miller has made a most
faithful and competent official and
deserves all at the hands of his
party. If nominated he will be re-
elected without a doubt.

Mr. James P. Thomas, Louisville,
and his sister, Mrs. Julia Purdy, of
Cudiz, visited here Friday. Mr. E. P.
Thomas, the 1st, of the week. Mr.
Thomas was here last evening, some
Custom House in Louisville, came
home to visit. He was accompanied
by his two daughters, Caroline.

orses, they began in the first week
of town last Sunday. Considerable
damage was done to standing timber
on the farms of Henry Rad, Henry
Wehstehner and F. L. Felix. No in-
jury to the buildings on the farm
ground was done, but it proved to
be a mistake.

Quite a good many hallowe'en pranks
were indulged in by the boys of the
town last Saturday night. Most of
them were harmless, but the boys
won broke into the college building
and ruined a number of the black
boards who were carrying the
matter a little too far. Every effort
will be made to apprehend the culprits
who damaged the college property.

In this issue of the Republican will
be found the announcement of W. W.
Park, of the Barlett Precinct, as a
candidate for Representative of Ohio
county, subject to the will of the
Republican voters of the county at
the primary election to be held Decem-
ber 5, 1908. Mr. Park comes from a
long line of Republicans, being a son
of Jas. A. Park deceased, who was one
of the first organizers of the Republi-
can party back in the 60's. He
made the race for the nomination for
Representative against Dr. Duff and
was defeated by only a small margin.
He is a representative young man and
if nominated will be sure winner on
the home stretch.

TO THE TEACHERS.

Supt. DeWeese requests that
all books belonging to the Teach-
ers' Library (white and colored)
be returned to this office by De-
cember 1st. We, the library
committee, are exceedingly anx-
ious that the teachers comply
with this request in order that
we may put the library in good
condition by January 1.

MRS. L. N. GRAY,
MARIE L. AUSTIN,
LILLIAN MONROE, } Com.

For Sale.

A first-class confectionary and
bakery. Situated on Union street, in
Hartford, Kentucky. A splendid busi-
ness for the right party.

W. C. SCHLIMMER.

GUNS! GUNS!



Have Just Received a Large
Line of

Shot Guns, Rifles, Target Guns,
Ammunition, Shells, Etc.,

And respectfully ask you to call and
see the largest and best line of Shot
Guns ever in Hartford. Prices the
lowest.

U. S. CARSON, - Groceryman,
Hartford, Ky.

BEING PELTED WITH DOLLAR BILLS

And making no effort to catch
them would be about as wise a
proceeding as buying your winter
goods without first seeing our
goods and learning our prices, and
it would be about as profitable.
Money saved is worth as much as
money earned, and we save you
money on all our goods. That we
can do this, the values we men-
tion here will prove. Compare
them with others, and remember
we will satisfy you as to the
quality of the goods before we
sell.

Here are Some of the Values We're Showing.

Children's Overcoats, \$1.25 to
\$5; Youth's Overcoats, \$2 to \$10.
Men's Beaver Overcoats \$5 to \$10.
Men's fine fancy Overcoats, \$10 to
\$15. Men's Rain Coats, 10 to \$18.
Men's fine Tailor-made suits, \$5 to
\$20. Children's Cloaks, \$1 to \$5.
Misses Cloaks, \$2 to \$10. Ladies
Cloaks, \$3 to \$18. Ladies Tailor-
made suits, \$12.50 to \$35. Best
Prints, 5c. Good apron gingham,
5c. Good Dress Gingham, 10c to
12 1-2c, and everything else as
cheap as can be bought elsewhere
Give us a chance.

CARSON & CO., Hartford, Ky.

Lyons' Special Cash Prices.

2 can best Red Salmon	35c
2 " " " small sizee Salamon	20c
2 " " " white Salmon	20c
2 1lb " Bull head Oysters	20c
2 1lb can " " "	20c
2 cans 1gt weight " "	15c
2 " chipped Beef	25c
3 " chicken and veal	25c
3 " vienna Sausage	25c
3 boxes Mustard sardines	25c
6 " Oil	25c
3 doz sweet pickles	25c
3 " sour "	25c
1 qt Heinz mustard	25c
8 bars swifts pride soap	25c
7 " lenox soap	25c
6 " ivory "	25c
6 " grand pa's soap	25c
6 " fels naphtha "	25c
6 " sweetheart "	25c
6 " pumma soap	25c
6 " white magic soap	25c
1 box crown princess soap	25c
9 bars palm soap	25c
9 " verbera "	25c
9 " witch hazel soap	25c
9 " transparent glycerine	25c

The Cash must accompany each order for goods quoted,
otherwise orders will be filled at regular prices.

Hartford Pressing Parlor

Will do your Cleaning, Pressing, Re-
pairing and Dyeing. Also take orders
for Tailor-Made Clothing. All work
guaranteed. Membership Card \$1.
All work sent for and delivered prompt-
ly. Thanking you for past favors.

Arthur P. Petty.

THE "LAST SUPPER."

Singular Story of the Masterpiece of Leonardo da Vinci.

Moldering away on the wall of the old monastery in Milan, Italy, hangs the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. Like every masterpiece, the painting required many years of patient labor, and as a result of that labor it is perfect in its naturalness of expression and sublime in its story of love. In addition to these qualities, it has an incident in its history that contributes not a little toward making it the great teacher that it is.

It is said that the artist, in painting the faces of the apostles, studied the countenances of good men whom he knew. When, however, he was ready to paint the face of Jesus in the picture, he could find none that would satisfy his conception. The face that would serve as a model for the face of Christ must be dignified in its simplicity and majestic in its sweetness. After several years of careful search the painter happened to meet one, Pietro Bandinelli, a choir boy of exquisite voice, belonging to the cathedral. Being struck by the beautiful features and tender manner that bespoke an angelic soul, the artist induced the boy to be the study for the painting of the face of Jesus.

All was done most carefully and reverently, but the picture was as yet incomplete, for the face of Jesus was absent. Again the painter, with the zeal of a true lover of his art, set about in search of a countenance that might serve for the face of the traitor. Some years passed before his search was rewarded and the picture finally completed. As the artist was about to dismiss the miserable and degraded wretch who had been his awful choice the man looked up at him and said, "You have painted me before." Horrified and dumb with amazement, the painter learned that the man was Pietro Bandinelli. During those intervening years Pietro had been at home studying music, had met with evil companions, had given himself up to drinking and gambling, had fallen into shameful dissipation and crime. The face that now was the model for the face of Jesus had once been the model for the face of Christ. — Brooklyn Eagle.

A LOST JOKE.

Would Be Imitator of a Witty Man Made a Ludicrous Finish.

Congressman Quarles used to tell this: "I was a guest of a leading banker at dinner, one of your New York giants of finance, who had invited nearly a score of us to eat a bit, drink a bit and swap notions. Everything was lovely until the fifth course. The waiter was bringing in what appeared on the menu as 'langue funnee aux epinards,' what we common old roustabouts call smoked beef tongue with spinach—and my favorite dish. He tripped at the door and spilled the tongue and greens on the carpet. The host, equal to the occasion, relieved us all, especially the waiter, by saying jocularly: 'There's no harm done, gentlemen. 'Tis merely a lapsus linguae.' It was about the cleverest play of words I ever heard."

"Among the guests was a Broadway merchant, up from the gutter, worth about \$3,000,000 and proud of his vocabulary, which was not unlike Mrs. Malaprop's," continued Quarles. "He shook with merriment at the banker's wit. The happy effect induced him to give a dinner the following week, with about the same guests, and, as I happened to learn afterward, he had directed his servant to let fall a piece of roast beef on the floor. The servant faithfully performed his part. Down went a splendid first cut, weighing about fifteen pounds, the delicious juices splattering everywhere. We all felt hurt at the accident. Some even groaned. 'Be not uneasy, my friends,' chirped the not uneasy, my friends, host, 'tis only a lapsus linguae.'" — New York Press.

Snagging Salmon in Alaska.

I saw Indians on the Chilkent river fishing day and night. The fisherman walked along the bank carrying a pole on the end of which was a barbed steel hook.

Tossing the hook end of the pole into the stream, he turned it so that the elbow rested on the bottom. Then he gently drew the pole back and forth, and when he felt a fish strike the shaft he knew that a salmon was probably crossing over the pole, so he gave it a quick jerk, drove the hook into the fish's side and hauled it up on the bank.

This is called snagging salmon.—Forest and Stream.

Work It Out.

A man buys a pair of shoes for \$3 and hands the shoemaker a ten dollar bill. The shoemaker goes to a grocery next door to have the bill changed and then gives his customer \$7 change. After the latter has gone the grocery rushes in and declares that the ten dollar bill was a counterfeit. The shoemaker gives him five good one dollar bills, a two dollar bill and \$3 in change for it. How much has the shoemaker lost?

An Eager Parent.

"Jack is no traveler. He went right into the library and said to father, 'I want to marry your daughter.'"

"And what did your father say?"

"He said: 'Good! Which one?'" — Lippincott's.

Indignant Disclaimer.

Vanilla Beans—How odd! That solid gold ring of yours makes a black mark around your finger. Hazel Nutt—The ring didn't make that mark. That's dirt!—Chicago Tribune.

WOMEN WERE SCARCE.

A Feminine Face Caused a Furore in California's Early Days.

There were few women in the California mining camps in the old days, and the advent of an emigrant wagon with a woman in it caused a furore, as is proved by the following incident from the reminiscences of former Senator William M. Stewart: "Women were so scarce in California at that time that this was sufficient to arouse the whole camp. The 'boys,' as we were called, were scattered along the coyote diggings for a distance of about four miles, and when anything unusual happened the words, 'Oh, Joe,' would be passed along the whole line. When I saw the feminine raiment I raised the usual alarm, 'Oh, Joe!' and this called the attention of the miners on Buckeye hills, where I was, to the clothesline which had attracted my notice. They gathered around on the hill, nearly surrounding the covered wagon and its contents. The rush of the boys in the immediate vicinity to see the wonderful sight attracted those farther away, and in less than ten minutes two or three thousand young men were anxiously watching the wagon, clothesline and fascinating lingerie. In alarm the man that belonged to the woman inside stuck his head out of a small tent beside the wagon. I assured him that no harm was intended, but that we were very anxious to see the lady who was the owner of the clothes. This aroused her curiosity sufficiently to induce her to pull the curtain of the tent aside so that her face could be discovered, but not fully seen."

"I then proposed that we make a donation to the first lady that had honored our camp with a visit. I took from my camp a buckskin bag, used for the purpose of carrying gold, and invited the boys to contribute. They came forward with great eagerness and poured out of their sacks gold dust amounting to between \$2,000 and \$3,000. I then proposed to appoint a committee to wait on the lady and present it. The motion was unanimously carried, and one of the gentlemen appointed on the committee suggested myself as chairman. I took the sack of gold and went within about thirty feet of the tent and made as good a speech as I could to induce the lady to come out, assuring her that all the men about her were gentlemen, that they had seen no ladies for so many months and that the presence of one reminded them of their mothers and sweethearts at home. I told her that the bag of gold was hers on condition that she would come out and claim it. Her husband urged her to be brave, but when she finally ventured out about halfway the cheers were so vociferous that she was seated and ran back."

"She repeated this performance several times, and I kept moving slowly back far enough to get her away from the little tent so the boys could have a good view of her. I suppose half an hour was occupied with her running back and forth while the boys looked on in admiration, when I finally gave her the bag, with all the good wishes of the camp. She grabbed it and ran into the tent like a rabbit. The next morning the wagon, oxen, man and owner of the inspiring apparel were gone, and we never heard of them in after life."

Where the Funds Went.

As an instance of the happy go lucky character of the early dorky following extract from the Albany (N. Y.) city records may prove interesting:

"In 1826 the trustees of the African Baptist church applied to the common council for permission to circulate a public subscription paper in aid of the funds of the church. It was moved to lay the petition on the table, pending investigation, for the reason that the principal part of the funds secured by a previous subscription for the African church had been used by the trustees in 'treating themselves to hot suppers.'"

Presidential Succession.

During the first session of the Forty-ninth congress (1885-7) the presidential succession was fixed as follows: In case of the death or removal of both president and vice president the secretary of state shall act as president until the disability of a president is elected. If there be no secretary of state, the secretary of the treasury shall act as president. And the succession passes in like manner to the secretary of war, the attorney general, the secretary of the navy and the secretary of the interior, in the order here given.

Cultivate Your Power.

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. 'Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.—Phillips Brooks.

Faded.

Tess—Yes, she said her husband married her for her beauty. What do you think of that? Jess—Well, I think her husband must feel like a widower now.—Philadelphia Press.

His Idea.

Tired Tatters—I wish I had money enough to patent a idea over mine. Worry Walker—What's the idea? Tired Tatters—A no-nonsense tire for perillee class.—Chicago News.

The millennium will be a time when people carry out their good intentions.—Pack.

"Parceling Out de People."

Fishing, two boys strung their big catch on the same string. Passing a graveyard they entered the gate to divide the catch, dropping two fish just as they went inside the cemetery.

Passing, an aged negro heard the two boys: "I'll take this one, you that one; I this one, you that one; I this one, you that one," etc.

The negro listened in dismay and ran away as rapidly as his old legs could carry him. He met his negro minister, who called:

"Deacon, why you run in such terror?"

"Declare, parson, I been down yonder by de graveyard and over de fence heard de devil and de Lord parceling out de people atween 'em."

The parson laughed at the old man's fright and made him go back with him to the graveyard to convince him of his error.

The boys were still dividing—"You take that, I take this," etc. Finally one boy asked, "What you going to do with them two at the gate?"

This was more than parson or deacon could stand, and both ran pellmell, neither wishing to take any further chances, no matter what was going on just over the fence.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Penguin Battles.

The penguin, a notable diver among sea birds, wins his mate by right of conquest. The male birds fight for the possession of the females. These curious birds have regular duel grounds, where relics of innumerable combats in the shape of feathers lie scattered about. In the center is the fighting arena, clear of all debris. The penguins' feathers and blubber form an efficient shield against their opponents' beaks, so the weapon used is the short flipper, the only wings the birds possess. The fight begins with the two combatants walking round each other waiting for an opportunity to grip. Once this is done the flippers come into play. The fighters shower blow after blow upon each other. There is no record as to how these fights end, but it is a safe supposition to say that they are seldom fatal. The force of the blow from a penguin's flipper is such that three or four of them will draw blood from the human hand.

How Models Make Pictures.

The artist gazed in rapture on "The Kiss," his latest picture.

"Do you grasp," he said, "the passionate grace of the girl's attitude, the warmth and the power wherewith her tense white arms draw the young man closer, ever closer? Well, I got that idea from my model, a shopgirl."

"But for my model's suggestion I'd have put the girl in a stiff, cold pose, and the picture would never have been the masterpiece it is. But my model pointed out to me the abandon wherewith a girl, whether of high or low station, gives herself up to a kiss' charm. She illustrated the thing, aided by a male model, a young medical student. Yes, she made my picture."

"The fact is, models make, with their valuable hints and suggestions, lots of pictures. There's many a masterpiece whose merit is due to the splendid pose that the model originated for the principal figure."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Burma's Popular Sports.

A form of speculation very popular in Burma is bull racing. A certain native sportsman is the owner of one of these bulls, for which he has refused an offer of 10,000 rupees. It has won several races and is looked after and as carefully tended as a Derby favorite. The owner values it at 25,000 rupees, and it is said, it brings him an annual income of from 12,000 to 15,000 rupees. It is carefully guarded by four men lest it may be got at and "doctored."

Burmans also patronize boxing eagerly, but the art can scarcely be practiced according to Queensberry rules, for we are told by a provincial reporter that he has observed that "even the best boxers strike out with their eyes tightly shut, and if they do hit each other it is more by chance than anything else."—Calcutta Statesman.

The Wrong Lady.

Some young fellows had been enjoying the fun of calling passing shopgirls with rather doubtful compliments, and from some of the answers returned it was evident that not all of those addressed were taking things kindly. Presently one of the older boys, seeing it was going too far, spoke up. "Look a' here now, fellows," he added, "youse might think youse is wise guys 'n' all that, but just keep on an' the wrong lady'll come along, an' she'll break yer face, see?"—Argonaut.

The Mullahs of India.

A mullah, or, as it is more properly written, mollah, is a title given in India and throughout the east generally to a religious leader of any description. Thus the sultan of Turkey is a mollah, because he is the supreme head of the moslem world. And there are hundreds of others. To most of the more conspicuous among them we prefix the adjective "mad." This, however, must not be taken to mean that they are insane, the word being used rather in its oriental significance of "inspired." The person of the mollah is sacred. Not even the mighty Habbibullah himself would care to lay in sacrilegious finger on one of these saintly personages. If he were to venture such an unheard of thing, vengeance would surely overtake him. For it is the cardinal principle of the Umma—as the mollahs are collectively termed—that an injury purposely caused to one of their number can only be atoned for by the death of the individual inflicting it.

Greatest Danger to Swimmers.

"It isn't cramp," said a life guard,

"that carries off so many good swimmers. After all, what is a leg or arm cramp? Couldn't a good swimmer easily turn on his back and float till the attack departed? No, cramp won't account for the strange seizures that in a twinkling turn a very fish of a swimmer into a helpless, speechless, drowning paralytic. What accounts for this business is water inhaling. A swimmer inhales spray through the nostrils, it passes through the pharynx, behind the epiglottis or windpipe guard and so down into the windpipe. The result is nearly certain death. Swallowing water does you no harm, but breathing it may kill you. How to avoid accidentally breathing it, though, that is a question nobody seems able to answer."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Another Way Out of It.

Nobody had ever had reason to accuse Abel Pond of being dishonest, but he was as sharp a man in a bargain as could be found in the county. When the building committee applied to him for a site for the new library he was ready to sell them a desirable lot, but not at their price.

"I couldn't feel to let it go under \$600," he said, with the mild obstinacy that characterized all his dealings with his fellow men. "It wouldn't be right."

"You ought to be willing to contribute something for such an object," said the chairman of the committee. "If it's worth six hundred, why not let us have it for five hundred and call it you've given the other hundred?"

"M'm—no, I couldn't do that," said Mr. Pond, stroking his chin, "but I tell you what I will do. You give me seven hundred for it, and I'll make out a check for a hundred and hand it over to you, so's you can head the list of subscriptions with a good round sum and kind of wake up folks to their duty."—Youth's Companion.

A Real Apology.

"When the late Joel Chandler Harris was an editor here among us," said an Atlantian, "I called on him one day and found him very willing to correct an error about me that crept into his columns."

"We talked about newspaper contradictions, public apologies and the like, and Uncle Remus' took down a scrapbook and read me an apology that was an apology indeed. It had happened, he said, in a Transvaal paper. 'I'll never forget it. I agreed with Mr. Harris that it was the finest specimen of the public apology and retraction extant. It said:

"I, the undersigned, A. C. du Plessis, retract hereby everything I have said against the innocent Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout, calling myself an infamous liar and striking my mouth with the exclamation: 'You mendacious mouth! Why do you lie so?' I declare, further, that I know nothing against the character of Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout. I call myself, besides, a genuine liar of the first class."

"A. C. DU PLESSIS."

CLEAR RUN.

left over from last week. Oct. 20.—Mr. Cecil Carson and Miss Geneva Ralph, both of Barnes Creek neighborhood, eloped to Tennessee, Sunday and were married.

Mr. W. F. Corns and wife, of Knoxville, returned home yesterday after a few days visit here.

Mr. George Schaefer and family, of Beaver Dam, is visiting relatives here. Mr. and Mrs. Wacker, of Beaver Dam, were the guests of relatives here a few days last week.

Mrs. Hilda Hoover and Miss Lizzy Houghland spent Monday with Mr. McKelvie Murray and family.

Mr. Hiram Houghland and Mrs. James Gray and daughter, live, spent Monday with Mrs. L. C. Hoover.

Mr. Lige Hoover, Horton, and Mr. M. Hoover of Meriden, Grayson county, is visiting relative here and at Barnes Creek.

Mrs. C. T. Funk has returned to her home near Tully, after several days visit to relative in Indiana.

For Sale.

A first-class confectionery and bakery. Situated on Union street, in Hartford, Kentucky. A splendid business for the right party.

W. C. SCHLEMMER.

CENTERTOWN.

Oct. 25.—Dr. G. F. Chapman is at home again since taking a trip to the West.

U. S. Wadlin, has gone to Ark. on a business trip.

L. C. Norton and son are preparing rapidly for the work on their new brick store.

Mrs. Bob Owen and Mrs. Henry Rendon, of Williams River, visited the family of J. M. Saeckel here this week.

Mr. Arlo S. Own, Beld., spent last Saturday and Sunday here with his aunt Mrs. Jennie Davis.

Mr. Lee Mason, of near Cornwell has purchased an interest in the store here of McKinney and son is now ready to greet his old friends and find new ones.

Mrs. E. M. McFerrer and Mary Igleheart are on the sick list.

Mr. Owen Brown, has bought a bicycle and will build soon on same.

J. P. McKinney, visited at Cornwell, F. McKinney, here this week.

Many of our Republican friends met here last Saturday and elected a pole and contested and unfurled "Old Glory" to the breeze.

Mr. M. Gregor, gave an interesting political talk to this people last Saturday.

Mrs. Curg Igleheart, Matanzas is here this week visiting friends. Hurrah for Taft.

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NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance. Express freight, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make to \$35 middlemen's profits at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save \$10 to \$15 behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone but us. We will send you our catalogues and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offers to rider agents.

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SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clean up promptly at prices ranging from \$3 to \$8 or \$10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES. Single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at half the usual retail prices.

8.50 HEDGETHORN PUNCTURE-PROOF \$4.80
SELF-HEALING TIRES A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY

The regular retail price of these tires is \$8.50 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for \$4.80 (cash with order \$4.55). **NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES**

NAILS, Tacks or Glass will not let the air out. Sixty thousand pairs sold last year. Over two hundred thousand pairs now in use.

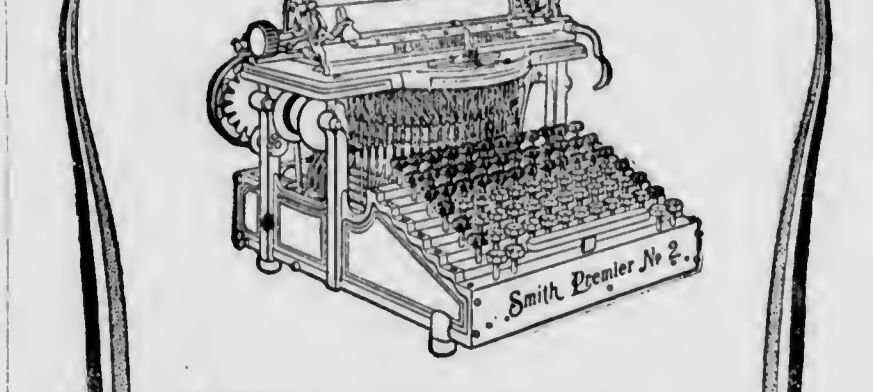
DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than ordinary tires, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is \$8.50 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only \$4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price \$4.55 per pair) if you send **FULL CASH WITH ORDER** and enclose this advertisement. We will also send one nickel plated brass hand pump. Tires to be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of the special introductory price quoted above, or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle unless you first get a pair of these tires. Anyone who knows the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

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A THIRBULENT GHOST.

Noisy Nocturnal Rounds of an Invisible Visitor.

QUEER DEATH OF OLD JABEZ.

The Uncanny Incident That Disturbed the Quiet of an Old Virginia Home. A Nightly Tramp That Never Ceased Until the House Was Demolished.

"I am not exactly prepared to say that I believe in ghosts," said the old gentleman from Virginia, "but at the same time, in view of certain things that have been told me by persons whose reputations for veracity do not admit of a doubt, I cannot allow myself to ridicule the ideas of others who do believe in an occasional return to earth of the dead.

"There is one case in particular that I know of personally and that can be vouched for by a number of citizens in the upper counties of my state, and that is the case of old Uncle Jabez Martin, who knew a number of well-to-do farmers in Fauquier as well as in Spotsylvania, Rappahannock and other counties in the northern part of the state. 'Uncle Jabe,' as most every one who knew the old fellow called him, had considerable of the nomad in his disposition and led a wandering, pastoral life. He was always willing to work when any one needed his services and did a good deal of rough carpentering in return for a 'meal o' wittles and a shakedown,' as he expressed it, and as he was pretty well known in the land of his pilgrimages it was a rare occurrence when he was not given a welcome.

"If old Uncle Jabe thought more of one family in the state than he did of another it was the Greens. Virginia, as all know, is full of Greens. An estimable crowd they are, and nearly all of them consider themselves as related in some degree of consanguinity to the others of that name. 'The Greens of Virginia is the truest tribe of that name in seven states,' was the constant boast of Uncle Jabe, and above and beyond any other Green anywhere he placed Marse Dickie Green of Fauquier, and that is where my ghost story, if you will please to consider it as such, begins.

"One wild night in the month of October not very long before the war the old wanderer made his appearance at Squire Green's. Mr. Green was called upon by virtue of being a justice of the peace. Jabe wanted his usual 'meal o' wittles and shakedown,' and it was at his service, as usual, and after a good supper he sat on the back steps of the house, smoked his old pipe for awhile and then went to bed.

"Squire Green was engaged in some work that kept him up until midnight, and as the clock struck 12 he heard a heavy sound on the stairway. It seemed as if some one was coming down the steps with heavy loads on the legs. The sound was carried to the door, which was opened noisily and then closed with a terrific crash.

"Thinking it strange that old Jabez Martin would be guilty of making such unnecessary noise, the squire rushed to the door and opened it. The moon was shining in all its beauty, and everything was perfectly calm and nobody in sight. Back again went the surprised squire and up into the attic chamber, where Martin always slept when he made his calls. He found everything calm and quiet there. It was the quiet of death, for old Uncle Jabe was lying supine on his back, with his glassy eyes staring right up to the ceiling, where the squire left him until the morning.

"When he related the circumstances in the morning it seemed that every other one of the house had been disturbed by the uncanny noises. The strange part of it is that next night the same sounds were heard again, even to the slamming of the door, and an investigation proved that there was no person to make them. There were no creaks in Squire Green's family, but the noises disturbed them, and when they were heard, as they were, frequently at midnight they became so used to them they would simply remark that 'Uncle Jabe was tramping again' and go to sleep again.

"Friends and neighbors who knew of the peculiar exercises were averse to staying all night in the house, and the doors could not be relied to come near this place at night. The sounds never ceased until after the house was torn down, and even its demolition, which it was hoped might reveal the source of its strange and growling sound, failed to present any explanation. 'There are folks living today in Fauquier county,' said the related of the ghost story, 'who can, and I have no doubt readily will, testify to the truth of what I have made mention of.'—Washington Post.

These Men!

"I went into the office looking like a fright," said the woman. "I didn't have a chance to straighten my hat or put my hair or anything. I had intended to bring along up in the elevator, but there was a man standing before each mirror twirling his mustache, and I couldn't even get a peep at myself."—New York Times.

A Sound Reason.

Robert, aged five, was irritated by the crying of Clara, aged two. "Blast!" he said, with great seriousness, "why don't you stop crying? You must be sick. You don't look well, and you don't sound well."

Circumstances are beyond the control of man, but his conduct is in his own power.—Beadout.

THE BOTTLE TREE.

A Life Saver For Cattle During the Australian Droughts.

"It was like a real bottle, thirty feet high, covered with the bark of a box tree and with a gum tree growing out where the cork ought to be."

Such was the way in which an Englishman described the first bottle tree which came under his notice, and truly one who does not know the tree its sudden appearance in his pathway, often in the midst of dense scrub, must make a vivid impression.

The lower part of the trunk is thick and cylindrical, decreasing in size toward the top, its shape being that of a gigantic living bottle, from the neck of which spring the only branches and leaves that the tree possesses. In this respect it carries to an excess the peculiarity of most Australian trees—namely, their lack of branches for a considerable distance up the stem.

The bark is of grayish color and is very hard, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, but the wood inside is soft and moist. The latter can be chewed in the same way as sugar cane, but as it lacks its sweet, pleasant taste it is rarely used in this way. This peculiar characteristic of the tree, however, makes it a valuable food for cattle.

Indeed, during the long droughts which occasionally visit Australia hundreds of settlers have to thank the bottle tree for saving them from ruin. Sometimes for more than a year and in the inland districts for still longer periods scarcely a drop of rain falls.

Every blade of grass is dried, tanks become empty, creeks no longer run and so many cattle die up altogether, as do nearly all water holes and lagoons; cultivation is impossible, and fodder for cattle and horses is extremely difficult to procure. Then the bottle tree comes to the rescue. Every scrub is searched for these living bottles, and everywhere is heard the ringing of axes as the strange, attractive trees are laid low.

As soon as the trunk has been stripped of its bark the bottle are brought to it if within easy distance, and there they remain till the leaves have been cut off. In places where the settlers have no stock of their own they will drive many miles in order to obtain a wagon load of this great treasure.

Sometimes instead of allowing the animals free access to the tree the settlers cut the trunk into strips, put the strips through the cutter and thus make a substitute for proper chaff.

In many instances during a drought, except for prickly pears and the foliage of trees, cattle see fed on these living bottles alone, and they have been the means of saving large quantities of stock.

It seems strange that in the absence of rain these trees should retain their moist interior, as the majority of others look dry and drought stricken. But throughout all the bottle tree flourishes, lifting its dark green leaves toward the sky, while the farmers and squatters stare at the sight in hopes of the wished-for rain.

When the dry season ends and the land in a very few weeks is covered with fresh green grass, the work of the bottle tree is done. But, mindful of its past usefulness, no farmer is less under absolute necessity feels this tree, and it may often be seen standing in solitary grandeur, its strange shape outlined against the blue sky, while the land at its base has been put under cultivation or has been converted into grazing grounds for the cattle.

Homemade Barometer.

Those who love experimentation may try the following method of making a cheap barometer purchased in France: Take eight grains of pulverized sulphur, four grains of pulverized nitrate of potassium and dissolve in six or eight grains of alcohol. Put the whole in a long, slender bottle closed at the top with a piece of bladder containing a pinhole to admit the air. When rain is coming the solid particles will tend gradually to assume the star crystals forming in the liquid which otherwise remains clear. If high winds are approaching the liquid will become thick, as if fermenting with a film of solid particles forming on the surface. During fair weather the liquid will remain clear and the solid particles will rest at the bottom.

Rival Engines.

An Englishman fond of boasting of his ancestry, took a row from his pocket and, pointing to the head engraved on it, said, "My great-grandfather was made a knight by the king whose picture you see on this shilling."

"What a coincidence!" said his Yankee companion, who at once produced another coin. "My great-grandfather was made a knight by the king whose picture you see on this cent."

No Witnesses.

"You are charged with stealing nine of Colonel Henry's boots last night. Have you any witnesses?" asked the justice sternly.

"Nessah!" said Brother Jones humbly. "I speaks to several peculiar cat-o'-h-ways, but it ain't never been much custom to take witnesses along when I goes out chieftain stealin', sah."

Never Touched Him.

Landlady to new boarder, crushing him—Mr. Newcome, what is the cream and not the milk you are pouring on your oatmeal. It was served for the coffee. Mr. N.—Oh, never mind, Mrs. Balkins. I like it just as well.

Let those who would affect singularity with success first determine to be very different, and they will be sure to be very singular.—Wm. C. Cullen.

BENEFITS IN DISEASE.

Typhoid, if You Pull Through, Gives You a New Stomach.

GOOD EVEN IN RHEUMATISM.

That Painful Affliction Keeps Other Miseries Out of the System and is a Promoter of Long Life—Blessings of Colds and Smallpox.

To be struck down by disease seems a most undesirable thing, yet there are many living today in the fullest enjoyment of very excellent health who but for an attack of some disease would have lived a life of almost perpetual misery.

These people were, first of all, victims of indigestion in its worst form, and only those who have experienced it know what true indigestion is. Struck down by typhoid fever, they came through the trying ordeal cured of indigestion, for one outstanding peculiarity of typhoid is that if you pass through an attack safely it gives you a new stomach. In fact, after an attack of typhoid the victim is usually left with a stomach like an infant.

That is the grand chance offered to one who has suffered, it may be, for long years from acute indigestion. If only he takes care, after an attack of typhoid he need never know indigestion again.

Be it remembered that any one troubled with severe indigestion is not advised to go hunting around for typhoid fever. That might prove to be a disastrous thing to follow.

A chronic cold is just one of those things which none of us want, yet even a chronic cold has its good points, more especially if you happen to be up in years a bit—not too old, of course. People who are up in years and who suffer from chronic bronchitis seem to get remarkably well. It keeps the blood in good circulation, for, of course, the victims have to cough, and that gives the heart a jerk and sends the blood coursing nicely through the veins and arteries.

If the cold be not too acute, old people derive considerable benefit. An acute attack, on the other hand, may cut off an old person in a day or two. It is the chronic type only which yields benefit.

Smallpox is a dreaded scourge, so much so that if it be reported that a case exists in a neighborhood a thrill passes through the whole community.

Yet those who suffer from smallpox and recover usually live to a green old age. It seems to renew life in some mysterious way by thoroughly purifying the blood.

If, however, you desire to attain to a ripe old age, you cannot get on at all without rheumatism. Consider the hosts of old folks you encounter hobbling about, grumbling all the day about their bones and joints. In all probability these old people would have been in their graves years before but for this rheumatism.

The reason is that if rheumatism is in the system it keeps other ills out. It makes a grand fighting force and keeps most other enemies of the human frame at bay, especially those of the germ type.

Very naturally if you have such a grand friend at hand you have to pay something for aid rendered, but the pain of rheumatism, if shockingly severe at times, is not deadly, and that is why one gets so little sympathy when suffering from rheumatism.

But the plain fact is that a slight numbly always benefits you, even if indirectly. As an example of that, say a very bad spell of weather comes along, cold and wet, and you contract a slight chill.

What do you propose to do? Why, to take the greatest care of yourself and make as certain as possible that your cold gets no chance of developing into anything worse. Now, did that very slight cold not make its appearance and cause you to be extremely careful of what you did there is no saying what might have happened to you any day during a spell of cold weather. You might have exposed yourself so much that a severe chill would have seized you, followed by inflammation of the lungs.

Accordingly a slight cold may easily save you from many worse ills.

In this way minor afflictions act as warnings that worse things are coming along, but unfortunately many persons of the neglect these warnings. A man, for example, has indigestion here or less constantly, yet pays little heed, always expecting that it will disappear one day. Now, if he had just paid attention to the matter at the beginning—checked the warning, in short—he might not have been let in for a severe liver attack later on.

Every pain, every ache, every head-ache—all these are warnings that something else is on the way and will be along shortly.—Pittsburgh Weekly.

An Idea of Business.

"Does your little head-and-law know anything about business?" "Well," answered Mr. Cimrox coolly, "he has had a lot of experience with promissory notes, and he knows how to get a check raised."—Washington Star.

The Lightweight Champion.

Simpkins You say that little man was formerly the lightweight champion? Thinkins—Yes, Simpkins—How did he lose the title? Thinkins—Oh, he didn't lose it. He merely sold his grocery and retired.—Chicago News.

To feign a virtue is to have its opposite vice.—Hawthorne.

HUMBLED THE PRINCESS.

Fall of a Dusky Beauty From the South Sea Islands.

One night John Sharp Williams, while a student at Heidelberg, Germany, was in attendance upon a swell function at which the guest of honor was a dark skinned princess alleged to hail from one of the south sea islands. This princess was magnificently bedecked and bedjeweled, and her warm olive complexion, set off by a mass of black, kinky hair, full red lips, snow white teeth and black, sparkling eyes, made her the center of the function. The masculine-like Germans swarmed about her like bees around a honeysuckle vine, and even Dutch femininity could not discount the charm of her manner or the beauty of her person.

John Sharp was introduced, of course, and immediately upon obtaining a near view of the princess (?) his southern instincts rose to the surface and his southern blood began to boil. Watching his opportunity, he managed to get to the beauty's elbow. Then, reducing his voice to a low, but perfectly audible key, he sent into her startled ears this alarming query: "Look here, nigger, where did you come from?"

Pank stricken and with all her self possession scattered, the alleged princess turned upon her interrogator as she heard the familiar intonation of the southerner and looked into his unrelenting face. Then she stammered: "Fum South Caroliny, boss, but for de Lawd's sake don't tell it."

Whether John Sharp respected the pitiful plea of a southern negress in a faraway land and permitted her to continue her bold imposition upon the credulous Germans the story does not tell. But the fact remains that the "princess" realized that she was in the presence of one who, from intimate knowledge of her race, had divined her African origin, and she could only throw herself on his mercy.—Biloxi Herald.

THE BASTILLE.

Men and Methods in the Famous Old French Prison.

The Bastille as a prison was apparently better kept and cleaner than either Bicetre or the Chatelet, and imprisonment within its walls did not, it would seem, dishonor the prisoner or his family. A great many prisoners were charged as mad, and under this elastic term the violent maniac, the ambitious madman, the young spendthrift, the megalomaniac, the reacher for the philosopher's stone or the secret of perpetual motion—all these tresome persons might be and were included.

How, then, did these prisoners live? In the underground cells or dungeons, as in the cells in the towers, the prisoners were on bread and water, as a rule. In the other rooms in the main building three meals were served a day, with drinkable wine—"vin potable." In certain cases, according to the quality and distinction of the prisoner, he might supplement the meager furniture of his prison and get a provision of books. Very favored persons were allowed their own servant if he would consent voluntarily to undergo confinement. Voltaire began to write the "Heurade" as prisoner in the Bastille; Abbe Mordlet of the Encyclopedia speaks of the great fortress as the cradle of his fame, but we must remember that it was perhaps not advisable to say much about the Bastille when you were still living within its walls and that, as M. Monin has reminded us, "the old Spartans offered sacrifices to fear." Prisoners, moreover, had to sign on their release an elaborate declaration by which they swore never to divulge, directly or indirectly, anything they might have learned as prisoners concerning the Bastille.—Mrs. Frederic Harrisson in Nineteenth Century.

A Feet For Blondin.

"Speaking of the straight and narrow path," said a congressman, "reminds me of a story about a man I knew in Chicago who stayed very late at a dinner at the club. When he came out he started to walk in the middle of the street.

"Hey, John," said a friend who met him as he was making the best of his way along the car tracks, 'why don't you walk on the sidewalks?'

"Walk on the sidewalks?" snorted John. "Do you think I'm Blondin?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Got Tired Quick.

A farmer hired a hand from town. The first morning the new hand went to work he accompanied the farmer into the hay field. They put on a load and hauled it to the barn. By the time it was unloaded it was 9 o'clock. "Well," said the new hand from town, "what will we do now?" "What will we do now?" roared the farmer. "Why, we'll go after another load of hay!" "In that case," said the new hand from town, "I will resign."

Pat and the Lava.

An Irishman, having returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, was asked in the kitchen. "Now, then, Pat, what is the lava I hear the master talking about?" "Only a drop of the crater," was Pat's reply.

No Advance Copies Given Out. Gwendolen—What did Archie say when he proposed to you? Esmeralda—He won't say it until next Thursday night, and it won't be released before 12:30 a. m.—Chicago Tribune.

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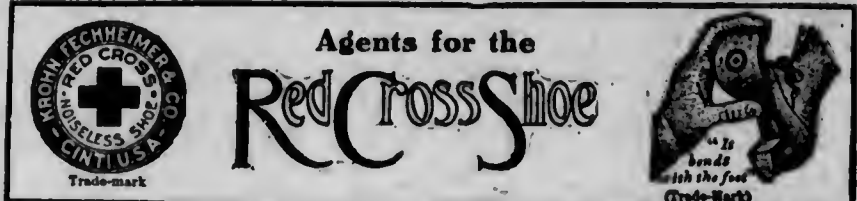
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